

Iew. I will be assured I may: and that I may be assured, I will bethinke mee, may I speake with *Antonio*?

Bass. If it please you to dine with vs.

Iew. Yes, to smell porke, to eate of the habitation which your Prophet the Nazarite coniured the diuell into: I will buy with you, sell with you, talke with you, walke with you, and so following: but I will not eate with you, drinke with you, nor pray with you. What newes on the Ryalta, who is he comes here?

Enter Antonio.

Bass. This is signior *Antonio*.

Iew. How like a fawning publican he looks. I hate him for he is a Christian: But more, for that in low simplicitie He lends out money gratis, and brings downe The rate of vsance here with vs in *Venice*. If I can catch him once vpon the hip, I will feede fat the ancient grudge I beare him. He hates our sacred Nation, and he railes Euen there where Merchants most doe congregate On me, my bargaines, and my well-worne thrift, Which he calls interest: Cursed be my Trybe If I forgieue him.

Bass. *Shylock*, doe you heare.

Shy. I am debating of my present store, And by the neere gestic of my memorie I cannot instantly raise vp the grosse Of full three thousand ducats: what of that? *Tubal* a wealthy Hebrew of my Tribe Will furnish me; but soft, how many months Doe you desire? Rest you faire good signior, Your worship was the last man in our mouthes.

Ant. *Shylock*, albeit I neither lend nor borrow By taking, nor by giuing of exesse, Yet to supply the ripe wants of my friend, Ile breake a custome: is he yet posselt How much he would?

Shy. I, I, three thousand ducats.

Ant. And for three months.

Shy. I had forgot, three months, you told me so. Well then, your bond: and let me see, but heare you, Methoughts you said, you neither lend nor borrow Vpon aduantage.

Ant. I doe neuer vse it.

Shy. When *Jacob* gra'd his Vncle *Labans* sheepe, This *Jacob* from our holy *Abram* was (As his wise mother wrought in his behalfe) The third possessor; I, he was the third.

Ant. And what of him, did he take interest?

Shy. No, not take interest, not as you would say Directly interest, marke what *Jacob* did, When *Laban* and himselfe were compremyz'd That all the candlings which were streakt and pied Should fall as *Jacobs* hier, the Ewes being rancke, In end of Autumne turned to the Rammes, And when the worke of generation was Betwene these woollie breeders in the act, The skilfull shephard pil'd me certaine wands, And in the dooing of the deede of kinde, He stucke them vp before the fulsome Ewes, Who then conceauing, did in eaning time Fall party-colour'd lambs, and those were *Jacobs*. This was a way to thine, and he was blest:

And thrift is blessing if men steale it not.

Ant. This was a venture fir that *Jacob* seru'd for, A thing not in his power to bring to passe, But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of heauen. Was this inferted to make interest good? Or is your gold and siluer Ewes and Rams?

Shy. I cannot tell, I make it breede as fast, But note me signior.

Ant. Marke you this *Bassanio*, The diuell can cite Scripture for his purpose, An euill soule producing holy witnesse, Is like a villaine with a smiling cheek, A goodly applerotten at the heart.

O what a goodly outside falsehood hath, *Shy.* Three thousand ducats, 'tis a good round sum. Three months from twelue, then let me see the rate.

Ant. Well *Shylock*, shall we be beholding to you?

Shy. Signior *Antonio*, many a time and oft In the Ryalto you haue rated me About my monies and my vsances: Still haue I borne it with a patient shrug, (For suffrance is the badge of all our Tribe.) You call me misbeleuer, cut-throate dog, And spit vpon my Iewish gaberdine, And all for vse of that which is mine owne.

Well then, it now appears you neede my helpe: Goe to then, you come to me, and you say, *Shylock*, we would haue moneyes, you say so: You that did void your rume vpon my beard, And foote me as you spurne a stranger curie Ouer your threshold, moneyes is your suite. What should I say to you? Should I not say, Hath a dog money? Is it possible A curie should lend three thousand ducats? or Shall I bend low, and in a bond-mans key With bated breath, and whispring humblenesse, Say this: Faire sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last, You spurn'd me such a day; another time You cald me dog: and for these curies Ile lend you thus much moneyes.

Ant. I am as like to call thee so againe, To spit on thee againe, to spurne thee too. If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not As to thy friends, for when did friendship take A breede of barraine metall of his friend? But lend it rather to thine enemy, Who if he breake, thou maist with better face Exact the penalties.

Shy. Why looke you how you storme, I would be friends with you, and haue your loue, Forget the shames that you haue staid me with, Supplie your present wants, and take no doite Of vsance for my moneyes, and youle not heare me, This is kinde I offer.

Bass. This were kindnesse.

Shy. This kindnesse will I shewe, Goe with me to a Notarie, seale me there Your single bond, and in a merrie sport: If you repaie me not on such a day, In such a place, such sum or sums as are Exprest in the condition, let the forfeite Be nominated for an equall pound Of your faire flesh, to be cut off and taken In what part of your bodie it pleaseth me.

Ant. Content in faith, Ile seale to such a bond, And say there is much kindnesse in the Iew.

Bass. You

Bass. You shall not seale to such a bond for me, I rather dwell in my necessities.

Ant. Why feare not man, I will not forfeite it, Within these two months, that's a month before This bond expires, I doe expect returne.

Shy. O father *Abram*, what these Christians are, Whose owne hard dealings teaches them suspect the thoughts of others: Praise you tell methis, what should I gaine If he should breake his daie, what should I gaine By the exaction of the forfeiture?

A pound of mans flesh taken from a man, Is not so estimable, profitable neither, As flesh of Muttons, Beefes, or Goates, I say

To buy his fauour, I extend this friendship, If he will take it, so if not adieu, And for my loue I praye you wrong me not.

Ant. Yes *Shylock*, I will seale vnto this bond.

Shy. Then meete me forthwith at the Notaries, Give him direction for this merrie bond, And I will goe and purse the ducats straight.

See to my house left in the fearefull gard Of an vthrifull knaue: and presentlie Ile be with you.

Ant. Hee thee gentle *Iew*. This Hebrew will turne Christian, he growes kinde.

Bass. I like not faire teames, and a villaines minde.

Ant. Come on, in this there can be no disguise, My Shippes come home a month before the daie.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Morochus a tawnie Moore all in white, and three or foure followers accordingly, with Portia, Nerissa, and their traine.

Elo. Cornets.

Mor. Mislike me not for my complexion, The shadowed luerie of the burnisht sunne, To whom I am a neighbour, and neere bred. Bring me the fairest creature Northward borne, Where *Phabus* fire scarce thawes the yficles, And let vs make incision for your loue, To prone whose blood is reddest, his or mine. Ile tell thee Ladie this aspect of mine Hath feard the valiant, (by my loue I sweare) The best regarded Virgins of our Clyme Haue lou'd it to: I would not change this hude Except to steale your thoughts my gentle Quene.

Por. In teares of choise I am not solied, By nice direction of a maidens eies: Besides, the lotterie of my destenie Bars me the right of voluntarie choosung: But if my Father had not scanted me, And hedg'd me by his wit to yeelde my selfe His wife, who wins me by that meanes I told you, Your selfe (renowned Prince) than stood as faire As any commer I haue look'd on yet: For my affection.

Mor. Euen for that I thanke you, Therefore I pray you leade me to the Caskets To trie my fortune: By this Symitare:

That flew the Soplun That won three fields I would ore-stare th Our-brave the heart Plucke the yong suc Yea, mocke the Lion To win the Ladie. If *Heracles* and *Lycb* Which is the better May turne by fortun So is *Aleides* beaten And to may I, blinde Miss'd that which one And die with grieuin

Por. You must ta And either not attem Or sweare before you Neuer to speake to I In way of marriage, *Mor.* Nor will no

Por. First forward Your bazzard shall be *Mor.* Good fortu To make me blest or

Enter old

Clo. Certainly, u from this Iew my Ma and rempts me, laying

Launcelet, on good I your legs, take the fl no; take heede honest or as afore-said honest

foorne running with u ous fiend bids me pac the fiend, for the hea the fiend, and run; w the necke of my heart

nest friend *Launcelet*, ther an honest woman something smack, som

talle; wel, my concies saies the fiend, bouge say I you counsaile w

to be rul'd by my con my Maister, (who Go uell; and to run away

the fiend, who sauing selfe: certainly the and in my conscience,

conscience, to offer to the fiend giues the me fiend, my heeles are

runne.

Enter old

Gob. Maister yong- waile to Maister *Iewes*

Laun. O heauens, thi being more then fan

me not, I will trie con

Gob. Maister yong the waile to Maister *I*

Laun. Turne vpon